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L E T T E R S
WRITTEN FROM LEVERPOOLE,
CHESTER, CORKE,
THE LAKE OF KILLARNEY
DUBLIN, TUNBRIDGE - WELLS,
AND BATH.

Addressed to several Persons of Distinction,
and describing every Thing remarkable to be
found in those Places, as well as many acci-
dental Occurrences the Author met with in his
journies thither.

By the late SAMUEL DERRICK, Esq;
MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES
AT BATH.

The Second EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
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TO HIS GRACE
THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND;
A NOBLEMAN,
ILLUSTRIOUS IN VIRTUE,
AS PRINCELY IN RANK,
WHOSE PRAISE TO ATTEMPT WERE VAIN:
FOR HIS WORTH IS SUPERIOR
TO THE STRONGEST EFFORTS
OF POLISHED PANEGYRIC:
THIS PUBLICATION
IS
WITH VENERATION AND GRATITUDE
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY HIS GRACE'S
MOST DUTIFUL
AND VERY HUMBLY OBLIGED SERVANT,
SAMUEL DERRICK.

Bath, March 25, 1767.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

FOR many books, that have been sent into the world by the ambition of appearing in print, the apology has been, in order to deprecate the severity of criticism, that they were not intended for the public eye: and the authors of such books, after so candid a declaration, have generally thought themselves secure, without considering that the question would be put to them, "Why then do you publish?" On the present occasion, however, it will, it is hoped, be remembered that there is a species of writing, that has claimed, in all ages, the benefit of the

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apology, without being obliged to answer any further enquiries; and that is the epistolary style, which, if it be truly such, has a fair title to the exemption, as it cannot be supposed to have had the public in view, at the time of penning a letter to a particular friend. And yet such pieces have always been acceptable to the world, as men are best seen in those moments when they are least upon their guard. The following work is of this sort; it consists of letters written at sundry places, just as leisure or inclination prompted; the mere effusions of the heart; sometimes the debt of friendship, and sometimes of gratitude, to persons of rank, with whom it was an honour to have even the slightest connexion. By some of these, the writer was much pressed to print his little collection; and lord Southwell, who died very lately, returned several letters for that special purpose. Of that nobleman's taste it is unnecessary to say any thing; it

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was well known to the world, and his lordship's repeated desire was in the nature of a command, which could not be resisted.

The letters are now printed as they were originally written. To give them an accurate revision, the writer found impossible amidst the duties of the station which he has the honour to officiate in; and he therefore hopes for the indulgence of the candid critic; especially when he adds, that he does not aspire to any degree of fame from this publication. One good end, however, he thinks may be answered by it: it may induce others, of more ability, to pen remarks on such places and subjects, as are worthy of attention at home; and indeed, while curiosity is so eager to peruse accounts of France and Italy, no good reason can be assigned, why we should be altogether indifferent about what occurs in our own country.

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For Mr. Ockenden's Three Letters, which will be found at the end of the Second Volume, the editor makes no apology, as he thinks they will recommend themselves to every reader of taste.

Bath, March 25, 1767.

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ERRATA.

VOL. I.—Page 115, Line 8, after *crown* read *ber.*—p. 117, l. 5, from the bottom, for *man ingrafted*, r. *man reached to ingraft.*—p. 123, l. 7 from the bottom, after *lieutenant colonel* r. (*Muncriffes of the 26th regiment.*)—p. 125, l. 7, after *rock*, r. *of lime stone.*

VOL. II.—Page 3, Line 3 from the bottom, after *amends*, read *for the neglect.*—p. 9, l. 4, for *insufferable*, r. *insufferably bad.*—p. 15, l. 4, after *three hundred pounds*, r. *a year.*

LETTERS.

LETTER I.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
THE EARL OF CORKE.

Chester, July 15, 1760.

MY LORD,

I HAVE scarcely had time to rest since I left London, till now; when I seize the first moment to transmit to your lordship, this short but cordial mark of my respect, and to assure you, I shall always retain the deepest sense of the many obligations you have conferred on me. Your letter to Mr. George Faulkner came safely to my hands, and I shall be careful to deliver it.

On Friday se'nnight, after having, that day, had the honour to breakfast with your

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lordship at Blackheath, I set out, in the fly, for Birmingham, and travelled with amazing expedition. My intention was to have gone directly to Chester; and I had given orders to an honest country-man of my own, who condescended to attend me, but who shall "never more be officer of mine," to take a place for me, accordingly: he assured me he had done so; and I did not find out the difference between the names of Chester and Birmingham till I was seated, and setting out for the latter; which I thought better to do than forfeit my earnest and postpone my journey.

About ten, on Saturday morning, I found myself in the High-street of Oxford, through which I was whirled with such rapidity as to reach Woodstock before eleven, where we rested half an hour, and changed horses. All I can say of these two celebrated places is, that the fronts of some of the colleges gave me

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great delight; and that in the appearance of Blenheim there is something awful and stupendous. I had no time to examine; all I could do was to admire: and though I love to travel at a great rate, I heartily regretted the haste I was obliged to make in this carriage; which, like time and tide, stays for no man. I could have found vast satisfaction in taking a view of Stratford upon Avon, for the sake of old Shakespeare, of whose birth this town boasts; and where we baited a few minutes, at one of the noblest inns I ever saw.

In the evening I reached Birmingham, having gone one hundred and twenty-seven miles in about eighteen hours. As I had scarcely rested above half an hour at any one place since my leaving London, and was heartily tired, I determined to rest in this town all the following day, which was Sunday.

I need not remind your lordship, that Baskerville, one of the best printers in the world, was born in this town, and resides near it: his house stands at about half a mile's distance, on an eminence that commands a fine prospect. I paid him a visit, and was received with great politeness, though an entire stranger: his apartments are elegant; his stair-case is particularly curious; and the room in which he dines, and calls a Smoking-room, is very handsome; the grate and furniture belonging to it are, I think, of bright wrought iron, and cost him a round sum.

He has just completed an elegant octavo Common-Prayer Book; has a scheme for publishing a grand folio edition of the Bible; and will soon finish a beautiful collection of Fables by the ingenious Mr. Doddsley*. He manufactures his own paper, types, and ink; and they are

* These books have been all published since.

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remarkably good. This ingenious artist carries on a great trade in the japan way, in which he shewed me several useful articles, such as candlesticks, stands, salvers, waiters, bread-baskets, tea-boards, &c. elegantly designed, and highly finished.

Baskerville is a great cherisher of genius, which, wherever he finds it, he loses no opportunity of cultivating. One of his workmen has manifested fine talents for fruit-painting, in several pieces which he shewed me.

This town is spacious and well built: its toys, hard-ware, fire-arms of all sorts, and false stones for buttons, buckles, necklaces, and all kinds of ornament, are known in every part of the trading world. The inhabitants are rich, civil, and industrious.

They have balls, concerts, plays, and assemblies. The theatre is very neat, the performers are from London; I cannot

say they are a picked set, but they are greatly encouraged during the three summer months of their playing.

At a little distance from the town there are gardens, which they call Vauxhall, small and neat, though but indifferently situated: these are sometimes lit up in an evening; and a band of vocal and instrumental music plays for the entertainment of the company, at the price of a shilling a head. The house belonging to these gardens was formerly a seat of sir Lyfter Holt's.

Here I found Mr. —, and a large retinue of servants. I had formerly some acquaintance with him, which I now renewed; and finding by his discourse, that he intended to set off the next morning for Chester, I accepted of a place, which he had politely offered, in his coach; by which means, I was safely conveyed to the town whence I have the honour to write. As

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the wind is at present against me, I shall set out in a day or two for Leverpoole, where it is cheaper and pleasanter living than at this place; and from thence I shall do myself the honour to address your lordship another letter, if any thing worth while, occur to him who is,

MY LORD,

With great respect, &c.

L E T T E R I I.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD SOUTHWELL,

Chester, July 17, 1760.

MY LORD,

YOU have always kindly interested yourself in my welfare ; and I should be, assuredly, unworthy of your lordship's further regard, should I longer defer to give you some account of my progress since I left London. I set off, my lord, in the flying stage, for Birmingham, and was on the road about eighteen hours, the best part of which time I slept ; for the motion of the carriage, which is remarkably easy, had so little effect upon me, that I slumbered all night in it, as easily as if I had been a-bed.

From thence I came hither in Mr. —'s coach, who is going to Ireland on account of a law-suit.

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In our way, we stopped to dine at Namptwich, a well-built market-town, famous for white salt and excellent cheese. While dinner was providing, we took a view of the church, which is built in form of a cross, old, large, and handsome. Many of the stalls of the monks are standing at this day, and are of oak, encumbered with a great deal of carved work: the pulpit is remarkably beautiful.

Here we were shewn the monument of the founder, sir Roger de Corradoc, an ancient British knight, who was said to be immediately descended from the renowned Caractacus. It is of white marble, but much defaced by Cromwell's soldiers, from whose violence nothing neat, elegant, or venerable, was saved.

They were possessed of this town for a year and upwards, during which time they turned the church into a stable for their horses. There is a charge of five shillings

put down in the church-book, for pitch to purify the place on their departure.

We also baited at Torperley, where there is an old church poorly ornamented, with a ring of five bells, and some good monuments of the Crewe and Donne families. It is a rectory worth three hundred pounds a year, subservient to the bishop of Chester.

About half a mile off, upon an eminence, which, though surrounded by hills, commands a vast tract of land, stands Beeston castle, belonging to Sir John Glynn. It is a heap of ruins, but must have been of great extent, as the walls take up a large space of ground.

Your lordship is so well acquainted with the city of Chester, that it would be ridiculous in me to give you any account: yet, in this ancient city, there is an article, my lord, which you will permit me to

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mention, as it may probably have escaped your notice: it is a charity-school absolutely appropriated to the education of jockeys. The truth of the matter is this: there is a charity-school without the north-gate, well endowed, having a large fund, intended by the donor to be laid out in putting the children here educated, at a certain age, to trades. Some years ago it was usual to bind them out to the tradesmen and artificers of Chester; and consequently when out of their time they were admitted freemen, and had a right to vote in the election of members to represent the town in parliament: but it having often happened that many of them were either too honest, or too obstinate, to receive directions, in that material point, from any superior but their own consciences, the practice, of making them SAUCY REBELLIOUS tradesmen, has been discontinued, and they are put out to horse-hirers and jockeys, not free of the city. This account I had from an old ill-natured fellow,

who HATES all mankind, and fattens upon scandal, sarcasm, and ridicule.

We were invited, a few days since, to dine at the town-hall with sir Richard Grosvenor*, who is now mayor of the city, and deservedly the darling of the people. The company consisted of near four hundred persons. There was great plenty of every thing in season. The wines were good and of all kinds; but the most remarkable part of the entertainment was, that there were at once served up forty-two haunches of venison.

Sir Richard was supported at table by the ecclesiastic and the military powers, for he sat between the lord bishop of Chester, and colonel Viner of the Lincolnshire militia. As I know the clergy live well, I took up my quarters between two of the prebends, and by this, secured myself some rational conversation, as well as a

* Since created Lord Grosvenor of Eaton.

comfortable dinner : an advantage, my lord, not always to be found in so large an assembly.

We made a party one day to dine at Wrexham, a market-town in Wales, about six miles from Chester ; where there is a good parish-church, with some marble monuments therein, erected by the Middletons of Chick-castle.

One of these, intended to represent the last day, designed and executed by Roubiliac, exhibits a pillar broken and tumbling, an angel blowing a trumpet from a confused sky, and a lady starting from a tomb which seems to have burst.

The paintings of the altar are not without merit. The subject of one is the last supper ; and of the other, David playing on the harp.

We stopped between Wrexham and Chester, to view a very old church, called

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Gray's-Foot; the steeple of which is an admired piece of Gothic architecture. The bells are remarkably well toned. The windows are of old stained glass, said to be the best in England, and not much damaged: they were taken down and buried during the interregnum; otherwise they had been surely demolished. The church was adorned with garlands, and boasts some ancient monuments belonging to the Trevor family.

I am,

MY LORD, &c.

LETTER III.

TO THE EARL OF CORKE.

Leverpoole, Aug. 2, 1760.

MY LORD,

As I have, no where, met with any accurate account of this very opulent town, perhaps my endeavour to give your lordship something of that sort, may not prove disagreeable.

Leverpoole stands upon the decline of a hill, about six miles from the sea. It is washed by a broad rapid stream called the Mersee, where ships lying at anchor are quite exposed to the sudden squalls of wind, that often sweep the surface from the flat Cheshire shore on the west, or the high lands of Lancashire that overlook the town on the east; and the banks are so shallow and deceitful, that when once

a ship drives, there is no possibility of preserving her, if the weather prove rough, from being wrecked, even close to the town.

About three years since, a ship outward bound for America, richly laden, being badly piloted, struck and went immediately down. Her mast is still plainly to be seen; but she being effectually sucked in by the heavy sandy bottom, all attempts to weigh her up have been ineffectual.

This is the reason that so few ships anchor in the road; for the merchants endeavour to get them immediately into dock, where they lie very secure. The docks, which are three in number, have been built with vast labour and expence: they are flanked with broad commodious quays surrounded by handsome brick houses, inhabited for the most part by sea-faring people, and communicating with the town by draw-bridges and flood-gates, which a man

must be wary in crossing over, as they are pretty narrow.

When the tide is full in, the bridges are drawn up, and the gates thrown open, for the passage of vessels inward and out. The corporation is now about widening the entrance to the docks, which is so narrow, that ships have sometimes run foul of each other, going out and in.

When the famous Thurot was in the channel, this town expected that he would honour them with a visit; and they made good preparation to receive him. The ear of a bastion was run out at the main dock-head; the walls of the old church-yard, under which he must have passed before he came a-breast of the town, were strengthened with stone buttresses and mounds of earth; and the whole furnished with some very fine eighteen pounders, which were so disposed as fully to command the river. The mer-

chants were regimented under the command of the mayor, as colonel, divided into four independant companies, uniformly clothed and armed, each man at his own expence. Besides, lord Scarborough and major Dashwood marched from Manchester, at the head of the Lincolnshire militia, upon the first notice of danger, without waiting for orders from above: so that, had this bold adventurer presented himself, there is no doubt but he would have been opposed with a true British spirit of resolution and gallantry.

Thurot's real name was O'Ferral: his grandfather was an Irish officer, who followed the fortune of James the Second; and, for the sake of some family connexions, this unfortunate fellow was doomed to bear the name of his mother, who was of a good family in France. He was born in Boulogne. The means of his father being small, the education of the son was but indifferent. He had been a servant,

a sailor, a smuggler, and lastly commander of a ship in the French king's service, &c. He had passed through most of the sea-ports in England and Ireland: in the latter he was particularly well known, and few people were better acquainted with the coast.

Liverpoole seems to be nearly as broad as it is long. The streets are narrow, but tolerably well built: the place is populous, though inferior in this respect to Bristol. Some of the houses are faced with stone, and elegantly finished.

The Exchange is an handsome square structure of grey stone, supported by arches. Being blocked up on two sides with old houses, it is so very dark, that little or no business can be transacted in it; but the merchants assemble in the street opposite to it, as they used to do before it was erected, and even an heavy shower can scarcely drive them to harbour.

It was built at a great expence under the inspection of Messrs. Wood, the father and son. I need not tell your lordship that these are the celebrated architects, to whose correct taste and great genius Bath owes some of her finest ornaments and most useful improvements. In the upper part of the Exchange are noble apartments, wherein the corporation transact public business. The court-room is remarkably handsome, large and commodious : here the mayor tries petty causes, and has power to sentence for transportation. The assembly-room, which is also up stairs, is grand, spacious, and finely illuminated : here is a meeting once a fortnight to dance and play cards ; where you will find some women elegantly accomplished, and perfectly well dressed. The proceedings are regulated by a lady stiled the Queen, and she rules with very absolute power.

The play-house, which is very neat, will hold about eighty pounds. Here a

company of London performers exhibit during the summer-season, and acquire a great deal of money. I saw several pieces really well done. Holland, Shuter, and Mrs. Ward, who are at the head of the business, being very industrious, and careful to please, meet with great success; not more however than they deserve. The dances are admirably executed by Grimaldi, Maranefi, and signora Provensalla. The scenes are prettily painted, the clothes very rich, and every thing carried on with amazing propriety. They play three times a week; and behind the boxes there is a table spread, in the manner of a coffee-house, with tea, coffee, wines, cakes, fruit and punch; where a woman attends to accommodate the company, on very moderate terms, with such refreshment as they may prefer.

The infirmary is neat and handsome, and here the poor are taken particular care of. Dr. Green, who is a man of learning, and

perfectly skilled in his profession, shewed me, in a small garden behind this house, in which he attends, a curious exotic, not unlike the common heath-fir: he called it the Frost-plant; it being covered with a shining coat, that glitters in the sun: it is cold to the touch, and dissolves under the hand.

I am,

MY LORD, &c.

LETTER IV.

TO THE EARL OF CORKE.

Leverpoole, Aug. 5, 1760.

I AM credibly informed, my lord, that vessels of a thousand tons may enter the docks of this town, and that there is sufficient room in them for five or six hundred ships: I have little reason to doubt the assertion, they being really very capacious. Although the lively aspect which Commerce has lately assumed here, in every quarter, bespeaks vigour, and inspires cheerfulness; yet, a hundred years ago, there belonged to this place, only one pitiful dock, seventy-two rated seamen, and eight vessels, none of them above twenty tons burthen. The change for the better has been amazingly rapid. They now rival the great mart of Bristol,

and have, it is confidently said, for two years last past, paid more duty to the crown : they even carry on a greater trade with the coast of Guinea and the West-India islands than London itself. This great increase of commerce is owing to the spirit and indefatigable industry of the inhabitants, the majority of whom are either native Irish, or of Irish descent : a fresh proof, my lord, that the Hibernians thrive best when transplanted. They engage in trade as in battle, with little or no spirit at home, but with unparalleled gallantry abroad,

Though few of the merchants have had more education than befits a counting-house, they are genteel in their address. They are hospitable, nay friendly, to strangers, even those of whom they have the least knowledge : their tables are plenteously furnished, and their viands well served up : their rum is excellent, of which they consume large quantities in punch, made,

when the West-India fleets come in, mostly with limes, which are very cooling, and afford a delicious flavour. But they pique themselves greatly upon their ale, of which almost every house brews a sufficiency for its own use; and such is the unanimity prevailing among them, that if, by accident, one man's stock runs short, he sends his pitcher to his neighbour to be filled. Though I am not very fond of the beverage usually prepared under that name, I learnt, from the peculiar excellency of this, to like it a little. I must add, that I drank some of a superior quality with Mr. Mears, a merchant in the Portuguese trade: his malt was bought at Derby, his hops in Kent, and his water brought by express order from Lisbon: it was, indeed, an excellent liquor.

I need not inform your lordship, that the principal exports of Liverpoole are all kinds of woollen and worsted goods,

with other manufactures of Manchester and Yorkshire; Sheffield and Birmingham wares, &c. These they barter, on the coast of Guinea, for slaves, gold-dust, and elephants teeth. The slaves they dispose of at Jamaica, Barbadoes, and the other West-India islands, for rum and sugars, for which they are sure of a quick sale at home. This port is admirably situated for trade, being almost central in the channel; so that in war time, by coming north-about, their ships have a good chance for escaping the many privateers belonging to the enemy, which cruise to the southward: thus their insurance being less, they are able to undersell their neighbours; and since I have been here, I have seen enter the port, in one morning, seven West-India ships, whereof five were not insured.

It is much to the honour of the inhabitants, that all party-distinction seems at present banished from among them: they

agree perfectly well, and no man repines at his neighbour's thriving more than himself.

Here are only three churches, but they talk of building a fourth. The Papists, Presbyterians, and Quakers, have each their respective places of worship. The ecclesiastical jurisdiction is vested in the bishop of Chester, and the best living in the place is enjoyed by the dean of the diocese. Your lordship is no stranger to his literary character: it is that Dr. Smith, to whom we are obliged for the translations of Thucydides and Longinus.

The number of inhabitants are computed at near forty thousand, and they are daily increasing; nay, within these fifteen years, the town has grown at least one fourth. This improvement is owing partly to its being free for any body to settle in and follow business; and partly

to the entrance of the river, which is broad, open and free, some flat sands excepted, now known to every sailor that uses the coast. With these advantages, the river here is greatly superior to the Dee, which waters Chester, and in improving the navigation of which vast sums have been ineffectually expended; for, besides its mouth being narrow, and the channel choaked up with sands and rocks, the danger of the course is increased by an ugly high craggy shore to the west.

The roads about Liverpoole are deep and sandy, consequently rather unpleasant; but the views are grand and extensive, particularly from a summer-house on Chilwell-hill, about three miles distant, where you have a prospect of fifteen counties, and a good view of the sea.

In the skirts of this hill are several small villages, with gentlemen's seats

scattered about, well covered, and for the most part delightfully situated.

The most remarkable of these is the dwelling-house of lord Molyneux, which is small and neat, constructed of a rude iron-coloured stone, and in appearance about two hundred years old. Belonging thereto is a pleasant garden, laid out in the old style, with a bowling-green in the middle; variety of grass-plats, high hedges of yew and holly, forming different alleys, ornamented with figures cut in box, holly, &c. The whole is terminated by a grand terrace, exhibiting a noble view of a country finely cultivated, and interspersed with variety of charming villages.

About eight miles off is a very pleasant market-town, called Prescott. In riding to this place, travellers are often incommoded by the number of colliers cars and horses, which fill the road all

the way to Leverpoole. It stands finely upon an eminence, having an extensive command. The houses are well built, and here are two inns, in which the attendance and accommodation are cheap and excellent.

There are at Leverpoole three good inns. For ten-pence a man dines elegantly at an ordinary consisting of ten or a dozen dishes. Indeed, it must be said, both of Cheshire and Lancashire, that they have plenty of the best and most luxurious foods at a very cheap rate: their mutton is small and juicy; their fowl, whether wild or tame, brought in fine order to market; and of fish they have great variety in the utmost perfection.

I am,

MY LORD, &c.

LETTER V.

TO THE EARL OF CORKE.

Leverpoole, Aug. 10, 1766.

MY LORD,

BEFORE I quit this country, allow me to transmit to you some account of Kowfly, a seat belonging to the earl of Derby, and which was the residence of the Stanley family before the time of Henry the Seventh; for whose particular reception the oldest part of the present building was erected, on his intending to visit his father-in-law, the heir of this noble house. It is of a dark-brown stone, and looks like an ancient castle. In the year 1731. there was added to it a brick wing, and a large range of stables. The front looks neat, and some of the apartments are handsome; but the whole building, taken together, is a piece of patch-work.

Here is a large collection of pictures, brought from abroad by some painter, whom the late lord, who was a virtuoso, maintained several years in Italy to purchase them: there is much merit in a huntsman with game, the man by Rubens, the game by Sneyders; a sleeping Venus by Poussin; several landscapes by Poussin and Claude Lorraine; but they are intermixed with very contemptible daubings. Some capital pieces were spoiled by the falling-in of part of the old building, a few years since, in a storm. An Hercules and Antæus by Rubens, (the good house-keeper calls it Hercules and Amphion) an holy family by Rubens, a Madonna by Coreggio, and a few ship-pieces by Vandervelt and Monamy, are well worth bestowing some hours to examine.

In the picture gallery a man cannot, without amazement, if he has the least

taste, see the inequality of pieces. For example, here is one, of the arch-angel Michael driving the first pair out of Paradise. One would expect, in the figures of an arch-angel and our first parents, an assemblage of every attribute of beauty; yet, believe me, my lord, the devils of Brughell are handsomer. Adam is a tall, thin, meagre, splay-footed fellow, as yellow as a gypsey, with dark-curved whiskers like a Janizary. No part of Eve is either soft or elegant; and the angel is not only perceptibly out of all proportion, but has a grimness in his face, that would well become a gaoler. I was assured by the servant, that this piece cost seven hundred and thirty-five pounds: it may be truth, but I could see few of its perfections.

To make amends for this, here is a capital piece of Rembrandt's, representing Belshazar amidst his concubines and

courtiers, gazing at the hand-writing on the wall. The figure of Belshazar is truly majestic ; his attitude finely expressive of surprise ; and his countenance nobly displays his resolution inwardly contending with his feelings from the impressions of an almighty power. Whoever examines this piece, and compares it with the story in scripture, must allow, that the painter has been very sparing of his canvas ; for there are but three or four other personages introduced, and in the collation there is no grandeur. The whole is however highly finished, and a sufficient proof of the strength of the artist's genius.

The Woman of Samaria, in another room, is truly valuable. It is small, and, the better to preserve it, glazed. A lover of painting would ride an hundred miles to see a picture of such inestimable worth. There cannot, in my opinion,

be more elegance or fine proportion than in the woman, contrasted with a figure extremely wretched, mean and ugly. I think I never saw any thing better done: the colouring is indeed masterly, the light and shade finely disposed, and the whole strikes you with the boldness of basso relievo. There are, in the dining-parlour, some good family pieces, by Vandyke, Sir Peter Lely, &c. but there is one, very large, which is poorly executed: in this are introduced the present earl, his countess, and all their children, about seven or eight, but so wretchedly grouped, that, were any one of them taken away, the artist's design would not be injured by the alteration.

At Knowsley-House, having, by fair words and a small bribe, prevailed upon one of lord Derby's grooms to get the keys of the gate, we passed through the park, thus making

a short cut to Prescot, where we intended to dine. This park has fine variety of ground, and good cover for the deer. A piece of water, deep and broad, expanding itself for about three miles, is not one of its smallest beauties. On the top of the highest eminence in this delightful park is a very neat summer-house, with four arched windows, opening upon as many elegant and extensive prospects. These landscapes are painted in the arch of each respective window; but they are mouldering away, and no care is taken to renew them. The room is all of oak finely carved; the growth of the place. At about sixty yards distance, under ground, are a kitchen and cellar, very convenient, but now quite useless.

The late earl was very fond of this place, from whence you have a fine command of Knowsley-house, standing boldly

on a brow that overlooks a noble track of cultivated ground, and of a race-course four miles about. Here he used to encourage the people to run their horses in summer for small plates, and the park was thrown open to all who pleased to enter, while the publicans of Prescot were permitted to erect booths and sell liquors; a proceeding whereby he procured himself the esteem of his neighbours, and did great service to the town. There was also a free way through the park for the gentlemen of the country, which was an especial favour, as the walls are very extensive.

The present earl of Derby is very old, and naturally inclined to retirement; but every body is convinced, that when his eldest son, lord Strange, comes into possession, he will revive the spirit and hospitality of this ancient family. Those who know him in private life must

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✓
speak of him as generous, friendly and
sincere. His great abilities in the
house of commons have been universally
allowed.

I am,

MY LORD, &c.

LETTER VI.

TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

Corke, Sept. 16, 1760.

MY LORD,

DURING the two months I passed at Liverpool, I experienced innumerable civilities from Dr. G—, Mr. John Hughes, Mr. Seele, and many of the principal merchants.

I owed my introduction among them to honest Mr. Cummins, the Quaker, who was here when I first came to the town. Your lordship is no stranger to his character: he is shrewd, resolute, penetrating and intelligent. The taking of Senegal, and our subsequent conquests on the coast of Guinea, were owing to him; he went personally upon the expedition, and all accounts of him

agree, that nobody could behave better ; yet, though he hazarded a large property, and actually suffered a good deal of loss in a service so very considerable to the nation, he remains at this day without recompence.*

On the eleventh of September I embarked for Ireland, in a letter of marque bound to Jamaica, and destined to put into Corke for provisions.—There was no other passenger on board, except Mr. Francis Willoughby, a worthy merchant of Leverpoole, who persuaded me to change my course, and make this voyage purely to visit the celebrated lake of Killarney, one of the greatest curiosities in Ireland. He is nephew to the late lord Middleton, of Nottingham, one of queen Ann's twelve peers,

* Mr. Cummins has, since the writing of these letters, been rewarded with five hundred pounds a year on the Irish establishment,

After two hours ineffectual endeavour to haul up our anchor, we were obliged to cut our cable, and, having a fair wind and fine weather, were soon out of sight of the town. Had we delayed longer, we should have lost the tide. Our anchor, which had got foul of something below, was fished up a few days afterwards, and dispatched in the next Jamaica-man to Corke. On the thirteenth, about day-break, being off St. David's-head, we discovered a ship, which bore down upon us, but came not within cannon-shot. She was a low small sloop, seemingly quite clean and new, sat snug in the water, and made vast way. She altered her courses so often, that we could not tell what to make of her; so that we summoned all hands upon deck, and having manned our guns, ten six-pounders, we fired twice, which she did not think proper to return. She now plainly appeared to be a French privateer; and, by the help of our glasses, we discovered that she was full of men.

I fancy she thought us too well prepared for her reception ; for having twice run round us, which she did with ease, though we went at the rate of seven knots an hour, she then, Frenchman-like, sheered off. I must confess, I was heartily rejoiced to see her take to her heels ; for I felt no great inclination to make my first appearance in France as a prisoner.

We were told, in a few days after, that she carried four swivels, and had taken two or three homeward-bound Americans off cape Clear.

I am,

MY LORD, &c.

LETTER VII.

TO MR. GEORGE FAULKNER, IN DUBLIN.

Corke, Sept. 16, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

AFTER long threatening this kingdom with a visit, behold me at length safe landed on your shore; and, to my own amazement, no less perhaps than yours, in Corke, instead of Dublin. For this I shall endeavour to account; but must premise, that in my way from London to Chester (for that was my road) I stopped at Birmingham, at Mr. Baskerville's. Should you meet with such a gentleman in your way, tell him I have letters for him from lord Southwell, Mr. Mallett, and many other of our mutual friends; but more particularly from the

good earl of Corke, by whom he is very highly regarded : indeed, he deserves the esteem of all his acquaintance, and enjoys that of no one more sincerely than of him, who has the pleasure to be now writing to you.

I am a professed admirer of Mr. Baskerville's great ingenuity. It is scarcely possible for any people to be more industrious than those of Birmingham : from children of four years old, to infants of fourscore, they are all employed. I am told they are famous for their fire-arms, of which they export large quantities. I have seen some of their guns and pistols finished in the richest and neatest manner : if they prove as serviceable as they are curious, they must be very valuable.

There cannot be a more pleasing or rational entertainment, to a man of a mechanical turn, than that which arises

from examining the different engines and machines made use of in the different manufactures of this town, more particularly in the cutlery and toy way, for which they have an amazingly extensive demand.

It is necessary for me now to inform you, that, when I arrived at Chester, I found the wind out of the way, so that I crossed over at the Rock to Liverpoole, to visit some old acquaintances, and was received with so much cordial hospitality and affection, that I scarcely knew how to get away.

Upon my resolving absolutely to depart, Mr. Willoughby was kind enough to offer to bear me company to Dublin, provided I would go with him to Corke, and thence to Killarney. The proposal was too tempting to be refused by one who was in no great hurry, especially as it came from a man whom I truly regard. The next morning we embarked on board

a Jamaica ship, belonging to merchant Hayward of Leverpoole; and, as we had no other passengers on board, our voyage was as pleasing as it was expeditious; nor would the captain (Atkinson) when we came a-shore, accept any acknowledgment for the trouble we had given him.

It being late in the evening, we took up our lodgings for this night at Passage, where we had no reason to complain of our supper, which consisted of fish: as for the dressing and the wine, indeed, I cannot say much. Our hostess was a fine fat old woman, but lame, and blind of an eye. Being past her teens, and a widow, who paid but little regard to her personal decorations, you may be sure she was not the neatest, nor the most pleasing figure in the world. She was, however, a patriotic gentlewoman, and a person of taste, who despised us because she supposed us English. She told us, she

5

had seen Alexander acted in Corke the night before, for she went often to the play; and that the man who played it was one Mr. Barry, an Irish gentleman, that beat all the actors England ever produced: but she heard she had a name-fake, one Mr. Foote, in the same way of business in London, who was a fine actor, and; if he would come to Corke, she would make him very drunk, and give him a hearty welcome. I hope to hear from you at Kilkenny,

And am, very much,

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

TO THE EARL OF CORKE.

Corke, Sept. 18, 1762.

MY LORD,

WE entered Corke harbour on Saturday evening about six, having made our voyage in something more than fifty hours, which was reckoned very extraordinary, as vessels seldom run it in less than three or four days. We had the Irish land in view one whole day : it is bold, mountainous, craggy, and to all appearance very dangerous in bad weather ; however, the sailors told us, there are several safe harbours on the coast, where vessels may be very securely sheltered.

In this course, we skirted the counties of Wicklow, Wexford, Waterford and Corke, and were often delighted with

spots of land, seemingly fruitful and well cultivated, as well as many good houses, ruined castles, and decayed churches, beautifully situated.

This harbour is large enough to contain the whole navy of Great-Britain; the entrance is free, open and bold: when you are in, you come to anchor off a village called Cove, where you are land-locked, and secured from all danger. Here are two islands called Spike and Hawlebowlis, that serve as bulwarks to protect vessels riding at anchor from being damaged by the tide of ebb, or floods off the land. On the latter of these islands are the remains of an old fortification, erected about the end of queen Elizabeth's reign, and which commanded all vessels of burthen passing up to Corke. Under this island we saw several elegant yawls and pleasure-boats, belonging to a society formed by the neighbouring nobility and gentry, who meet here every Saturday, during the sum-

mer half-year, to dine and make merry, in an apartment which they have fitted up, for that purpose, very commodiously, among the ruins of these buildings. Broderick, lord Middleton, the earl of Inchinquin, and many other people of consequence and fashion, have seats bordering upon the harbour; and they exhibit a most pleasing appearance. One side of Corke harbour is formed by the great island, formerly called Barrymore Island, from its belonging to that family; and, if I do not mistake, the best part of it is now the property of a son of the late old earl of Barrymore. The first earl of Orrery, your lordship's illustrious ancestor, tells us, in one of his letters, that this island is very fertile, about six miles in circumference, and a pass of such consequence, that, were he an enemy, about to invade this kingdom, it is one of the first places he would secure, as being near equally distant from Corke, Youghall, and Kinsale. This island is something

more than four miles long, and two broad; the land is every where high and steep; and all round it, is great depth of water.

The principal place here is Cove, which is only inhabited by fishermen, and a few custom-house officers: it is built upon the side of the hill, so very steep, that the houses stand almost one upon another: they have a good effect upon the eye, being white-washed; but this cleanliness, which is much affected all through the country, is mere outside, true hypocrisy; for within they are very dirty. This island is about eight English miles from Corke; it contains some few good houses, and a very decent parish-church. From Cove we were rowed up to Passage, in a fishing-boat, the owner of which demanded a crown, and was satisfied with a shilling.

Here all ships of burthen unlade, and their cargoes are carried up to Corke,

either on small cars, drawn by one horse, or in vessels of small size, the channel higher up admitting only those of one hundred and fifty tons burthen.

There are but few houses at Passage, one of which is a very indifferent inn, where we were forced to take up our quarters for the night; were provided with an elegant supper of turbot and red gurnett not badly dressed, and received a bill in the morning, which we thought very reasonable. Our attendant was a female, with a huge prominence, that scorned the restraint of stays (perhaps she had never seen any) her face half covered with dirt, half with snuff, her arms, hands, legs, and feet, (for she had neither shoes nor stockings on) not a jot more decent. An appearance, sufficiently disgusting to people used to the neatness of the English inns.

The ride from Passage to Corke is extremely pleasant, and exhibits a variety of beautiful landscapes, which the genius, fancy, and spirit, of Poussin or Claude Loraine, could never exceed. The road is carried, for some distance, along the side of the river Lee, which is adorned with pleasant islands. One of these is called L'Isle, or the Little Island, which denomination it bears to distinguish it from Barrymore, or the Great Island: it contains about one thousand six hundred Irish acres, and is three miles distant from the city of Corke, nearly two miles long, and one broad; there are three or four good houses built on it, with convenient offices: it is part of the estate of the present Lord L'Isle, to whom it gives the title of Baron: there runs throughout this whole island a stratum of lime-stone; which is the more remarkable, as there is nothing like it to be found in any of the neighbouring quarries on the northern

coast, which, however near, contain no other than a red gritty stone.

The main channel is very broad, but not proportionably deep. The lands, on the opposite shore, rise into gentle hills, which no where aspire too high ; and are ornamented with several neat country-seats, pleasant gardens, and thriving plantations, belonging to the merchants of Corke.

About four English miles from Corke, on the north, there is a most enchanting scene, called Glanmire. You come suddenly upon a break, that slants away from you to a vast depth beneath : the bottom is covered with a charming sea-green carpet, and the river Glanmire winds delightfully through it, in its way to the main channel. On the opposite land, which rises gradually from the bottom, there are a few pleasant houses, serving as a neighbourhood to Riverstown,

where the bishop of Corke has a handsome seat, elegant gardens watered by the Glanmire, and a park well stocked with deer. The lands hereabout are well improved, and divided into ploughed and pasture grounds: the verdure is every where different; and here and there are planted, in the most delightful manner, by the hand of Nature, tufts of oak, elm, and ash, with myrtle shrubs blooming spontaneously, and conspiring to give variety and elegance to the prospect. I have the honour to remain,

MY LORD,

Your lordship's, &c.

LETTER IX.

TO THE EARL OF CORKE.

Corke, Sept. 27, 1760.

I SCARCELY need inform your lordship, that this city is nine or ten miles from the sea ; that the streets are very dirty, the place lying low, therefore subject to much rain ; and that there are many canals cut through them for the conveniency of water-carriage, which gives it much the appearance of a Dutch port. The main street between the gates is very broad, the houses old, and but indifferently built : the exchange is a good stone structure, erected some time after the Restoration, but hid in a corner. Near it are two coffee-houses, well filled about noon,

but poorly furnished, and the accommodations far from being good.

The bye streets are very narrow, but excessively thronged; and Corke, for populousity, does not give place to Cornhill at 'Change-time. The inhabitants are computed to be about eighty thousand, the majority of whom are Roman catholics, and in a necessitous condition. Their numbers gave uneasiness to many of the Protestants, when the fears of a French invasion possessed the minds of the people: but the more sensible and discerning few, convinced that these people had been too often duped, ever again to confide in the perfidy of France, looked upon such apprehensions as groundless; and some of their pastors, who are men of excellent sense and distinguished abilities, declaimed publicly from their altars, with all the vehemence of the presbytery, against French politics; nor could the most orthodox son of the

church of England more zealously recommend submission to the government, and fidelity to the house of Hanover.

There are some good houses on the quays, the external appearance of which, however, is not the best; the apartments are in every respect elegant, and the tables plentifully and neatly furnished. The inhabitants are hospitable and generous: they are rich, and deal largely in provisions, many of our fleets, both of merchantmen and ships of war, touching here to victual, which they do at a cheap rate: yet to us the place was dear enough; not less so than London. We took up our quarters at the Leverpoole-Arms, the best inn the city affords; but for the neatness of it I cannot say much. When we dined at home, which we were suffered to do only twice during the week we stayed, our provisions were good and well dressed; they also supplied us with

good claret at twenty-eight shillings per dozen, which a rascal of a waiter endeavoured to change upon us; but we discovered his finesse, and rewarded him with a hearty drubbing. It is some satisfaction in this country, that a man has it in his power to punish, with his own hand, the insolence of the lower class of people, without being afraid of a Crown-office, or a process at law.

a sentiment unworthy of an Englishman and scouted even by a Tory in these days - 1822

In this city is a large, elegant theatre, lately built by Barry and Woodward, upon the same plan with that which they erected in Crow-street, Dublin. Here, for the first time, I saw Mrs. Dancer perform: her character was Jane Shore, and she went through it with perfect justness and elegant propriety: her figure is well proportioned, and very pleasing, of a middle size; her features regular and handsome: notwithstanding she

is near-sighted, her eyes are piercing ; and she marks the passions strongly : her voice is musical, but rather confined ; her conceptions just ; and she has great tenderness and feeling. I wish to see her on an English stage ; where she would shine as a considerable ornament. The scenes are finely painted, and the band of music beyond any thing we could expect.

I am,

MY LORD, &c.

LETTER X.

TO THE EARL OF CORKE.

Corke, Sept. 30, 1760.

MY LORD,

IN a large room, with white walls, badly lighted, and not encumbered with ornament, here is an assembly, once a fortnight, at which you will find some very handsome females, dressed in the pink of the mode. I was particularly charmed with the appearance of one, whose name I conceal, on account of the short story I am about to relate. Let it suffice, my lord, that I assure you, every body who knows her, allows her to be perfect.

ly well made; her limbs in the most delicate proportion; her air graceful; her countenance modest, elegant, and striking; her conversation easy and sensible; her manner polished and engaging.

This amiable girl, who is of a good family, and has a moderate fortune, was courted by a young fellow of the name of Sullivan, whom she looked upon as her inferior, and gave him therefore very little encouragement: but his visits being countenanced by her mother, she received him with her natural cheerfulness and good-humour. At length, urged by the violence of passion, and wearied out with tedious expectation, he broke into her mother's house at the dead time of the night, and taking her forcibly out of bed, carried her off, placing her before him, almost naked, upon a horse, in spite of her tears, outcries, and resistance. The place he had prepared for her reception

was an old unfrequented castle, about twenty miles from Corke, in a desolate, uninhabited part of the county of Limerick; and here, with the assistance of some savage vassals, he satiated all the rage of his brutal appetite. The place of his retreat being found out, the castle was invested by the sheriff of the county, assisted by a party of the army. Sullivan was actually fool-hardy enough to attempt to defend it, and several shot were exchanged, without any person being hurt. The place being at length taken by assault, he endeavoured to make his escape through a back-door, but was pursued and taken. The unhappy lady was found in a neighbouring field, concealed in a kind of arbour, which had been built for the purpose: she was covered with leaves, had scarcely any clothing, and was half dead with fear, cold, fatigue, and ill usage. She had been conducted hither on the first approach of lord L'Isle (who was then high

sheriff) and forbid to move, on pain of death.

Sullivan was lodged in Corke gaol; and an indictment being found against him, he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged; a punishment which he afterwards suffered, but which was greatly inadequate to the flagrancy of his crime. Lord L'Isle attended the execution in person, at the head of a regiment of horse, to prevent a rescue, which was threatened.

During the course of the trial, lord chief-justice Caulfield, with infinite benevolence, and a warm reprimand, overruled one of the prisoner's council, who endeavoured to throw this amiable woman into confusion, by a question both impertinent and indecent: "Ask your own heart, (says this good old man) if any one, who had the feelings

“ of honour, or the least touch of compassion, could ever think of putting such innocence, and so much beauty, to the blush.”

Before sentence was pronounced on the prisoner, he begged leave to ask the young lady one question, which was this : “ Madam, matters have been carried against me with a very high hand ; they are now come to an extremity, which it is in your power to palliate : if you will marry me, the court may perhaps consider the case in another light, and save my life.” “ Sir,” answered this injured woman, with a spirit of resolution, void of rancour, and free from bitterness, “ If I loved you to distraction, I would not stir a step to save your life : the punishment you are about to suffer will never restore my blasted honour ; but it may stand as an example for protecting innocence

“ hereafter from villainy.” Every considerate person must, I think, applaud her resolution, and agree with me in this sentiment, that her image should be erected in the Temple of Virtue, as the guardian of the privileges of her sex, and the scourge of savage and illiberal passions.

I am,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient, &c.

LETTER XI.

TO THE EARL OF POMFRET.

Corke, Sept. 28, 1760.

TRULY sensible, my lord, of the very great value that every body, who has the honour of your lordship's acquaintance, must set upon the countenance of a nobleman, whose learning and taste give ornament to dignity, I take the liberty to transmit you this small mark of my respect. I am the happier in remembering, that before I left London, your lordship commanded me to write to you. Should my observations furnish some little amusement, my pleasure will be great.

The city, whence I have the honour to address you, is called in Irish Coreach, which signifies a place of boats; and its situation shews to what it owes its name.

Corke is about three miles long, and not quite two broad: there are two stone bridges over the Lee, stiled the North and South bridges, besides those thrown over the different canals that intersect the streets.

It is a very ancient town, and was walled round by the Danes, who were settled here long before the English had any footing in this kingdom. The walls were repaired by king John; but from the high lands that command it, there is no room to conjecture, that it ever could be a place of considerable strength. However, in 1603. the inhabitants refused to acknowledge the right of king James the

First to the crown of England, till he was confirmed by the pope : they shut their gates against the president of Munster, possessed themselves of the king's stores, and acted in open rebellion. The insurgents swore they would not lay down their arms, unless publicly permitted to go to mass. They were guilty of many outrages against the Protestants, and committed great irregularities; which were, however, put an end to, by the arrival of lord Mountjoy, lord-lieutenant of the kingdom, to whom, being unable to resist his power, they surrendered. He punished some of the ringleaders with death; but behaved, upon the whole, with great lenity and moderation: and having rebuilt Elizabeth Fort, which was a square fortification, with four regular bastions on the south side of the town, by way of citadel, he set out for Limerick, to quell some disturbances of the same nature there, in which he had equal success.

Corke was twice burnt down by accident in the reign of king James the First, but arose from the ruins, each time, with redoubled splendor.

In 1690. it held out five days against king William's army, commanded by the prince of Wirtemberg and the earl of Marlborough, to whom the garrison surrendered prisoners of war. Here the young duke of Grafton, natural son to king Charles the Second, was killed in his twentieth year.

The chief monument of antiquity, which this place boasts, is the cathedral-church; which was built in the seventh century, by H. Finbar, bishop of the diocese, and entirely rebuilt in the reign of the late king. Besides this, here are six other churches, several Roman Catholic chapels, meeting-houses for Presbyterians, Quakers, Anabaptists, and other sectaries, and a chapel for French Protestants,

in which they use the Liturgy of the established religion.

This city is ornamented with several charity-schools, alms-houses, and a neat infirmary for the conveniency of the poor, all well attended, properly regulated, and amply endowed.

The custom-house is a handsome brick building, with angles, window-cases, and door-frames, of stone : it was erected at the expence of king George the First, and is surrounded by a good quay, with cranes, and all proper conveniences for landing goods.

The flesh-market affords variety of the best butcher's meat : the fish-market abounds with turbot, john-dory, plaice, soal, red mullet, piper, cod, and other kinds of choice fish ; and in the proper season there is a good supply of all sorts of game : they have also a large

market for live cattle, and another for the sale of only meal and milk, which I have seen very much crowded. The barracks will hold seven hundred men ; and of these, Elizabeth Fort, which I have just mentioned, makes a part.

The bishop and dean have each a good house adjoining to the cathedral, with handsome gardens.

The only public walk is a quay upon one of the canals, with a plantation of trees on one side, and dwelling-houses on the other : it is paved worse than the streets of London ; yet I have seen it filled with very genteel company, and a greater number of pretty women than I ever saw together in any other town.

The quays of Corke are so commodious, that the merchant unloads and loads his goods close to his door : we have before observed, that they are brought up from

Cove and Passage on low cars, or in lighters ; ships of burthen not finding water enough above Passage ; and above the town the river is not navigable.

Thus, my lord, I have essayed to give you such an account of this famous trading town, as my observations and enquiries would admit of, during only a week's stay, of very indifferent weather, for it rained the whole time. We were, however, particularly obliged to Mr. Christopher Carleton, and Mr. Digby, for their endeavours to make the place agreeable to us. We dined twice with the former, at a neat little country-house, beautifully situated on an eminence, near an out-let, called Sunday's-well. Mr. Digby entertained us very handsomely at Lota, a seat near the river Glanmire, belonging to Richard Bradshaw, esq; an eminent merchant of this town, who has retired from trade with a large fortune, acquired with an unblemished reputation ; and

it was with regret we missed an opportunity of cultivating an acquaintance with him, he being out of the kingdom. This night Mr. Paul Benson, a considerable contractor with the government for provisions, entertained us in a most elegant manner, and to-morrow we shall set out for Killarney.

I am,

MY LORD, &c.

LETTER XII.

TO THE EARL OF POMFRET.

Killarney, Oct. 1, 1760.

MY LORD,

ON the 29th of September we set out for this place, on horseback, the city of Corke not affording, at this time, any kind of carriage for hire. After riding about an hour, it began to rain very heavily; so that we made up to a cottage, through an avenue of dirt that almost smothered us: the master of it was a blacksmith and farrier, who put our horses up in his shop, and then invited us into his hovel, having first, in order to make room, turned out two yelping curs and three pigs. The case is the same every

where; the pooreſt hovel has its pigs and its cur-dogs, which are very diſagreeable to travellers.

On our entrance we found a clear turf fire: near it ſat an elderly woman, with two grown lads, one of them blind; and four girls, the youngſt about ſeven years old, really handſome: this is not the caſe in general, for the peaſants are indifferently featured, much tanned, and clumsy. It being Sunday, the family appeared in their moſt decent clothing, which, Heaven knows, was very indifferent. The man and woman ſpoke Engliſh very willingly; I ſay Willingly, becauſe, though you meet many on the road that cannot, you ſee more that can, but will not. When I was laſt in Wales, I found the natives exactly of the ſame ſtubborn caſt; and the only means we had to make our guides answer our queſtions, was to whip the horſes hard: they then found their tongues, and in-

treated us, in tolerable English, to spare the cattle. To this we agreed, provided they solved our inquiries, which reached no farther than the name of a village, or the owner of a neighbouring house.

This couple were remarkably civil; and indeed their countenances bespoke good-nature, resignation, and content: perhaps they never had known any different scenes: they were not perplexed with compound or comparative ideas. We divided with them a cold turkey, and a bottle of shrub, which our servant carried; and they received both as gifts from Heaven. They honestly told us, that they were strangers to the taste of flesh meat from one year's end to another; that their constant food was potatoes and butter-milk, of which, they thanked God, they had enough to share with their neighbours. It is a melancholy consideration, but yet it is truth, that in this distressed kingdom there are people so very

wretched, as to be in want even of such poor viands. We asked the woman how she intended to support her family. "Some of them, (answered she) as they grow up, shall go out to service, and one or two help me in and about my grounds at home : as for Donogh, my eldest boy, who was blinded by the small-pox, we have got a man to teach him the bagpipes, with which and begging, there is no fear, under God, but he may get an honest livelihood, and live very comfortably : at any rate it is better than being a sorry tradesman."

This is too much, and too unhappily, the false pride of the nation ; they prefer beggary and wretchedness to the sweets of industry and labour. Nor is it in these parts alone, that the people live in such poverty ; we found the case the same all through the kingdom, even to the borders of the capital.

The face of the country about the city of Corke is very pleasing; the grounds have the appearance of fertility and cultivation; the houses are neat; the gardens, however small, laid out to advantage; and the plantations thrive apace. But at the distance of six or seven miles you lose all this beauty. As you climb the mountains, which are very high, and from the tops of which, we are told, the eye may often command one half the kingdom's breadth, you lose every trace of improvement; you see nothing but wild heaths, black bogs, and rocky hills, with a thousand little streams bursting from their sides, and dashing down to the increase of the rivers that water the subjacent plains. The white rocks, that start up among the green plots which are scattered through these barren and extensive heaths, look often like the ruins of so many grand buildings, and give the whole the appearance of a depopulated country. Yet the landscape is more sub-

lime, more various, and certainly more comprehensive, than when the whole was one continued forest, which is said to have been formerly the case ; and this seems to be confirmed by the vast quantities of wood daily dug out of the bogs and glens, above which these mountains tower, losing themselves in the clouds. This wood burns like a torch.

We saw, in our travels, many ruined castles, mouldering churches, and decayed abbeys, scattered every where ; but scarcely a comfortable habitation till we came to Mill-street, where we found an inn, considering the misery of the place, convenient enough ; with a barrack, wherein are a few soldiers, and an officer. There are two good houses about a mile off, one belonging to Mr. Wallis, of whom I have heard a very amiable character. Those vast tracks of high barren grounds, that lie between Corke and this place, which is situated in a very beautiful vale,

are called the Muskerry Mountains. A good estate hereabouts was forfeited by one of the Muskerry family, Maccarthy, in the rebellion of 1641.

The inn at Mill-street, however indifferent, is a paradise, compared to the spot where we slept the preceding night: the rain continuing to pour very heavily, and without ceasing, we stopped at a wretched hovel on the confines of a bleak, extensive, rugged mountain; where they collect the dues of a turnpike: they showed us into a miserable cabin, in which there was something that wore the appearance of a bed, whereon we rested all night, wrapped up in our great coats: we had a fine turf-fire lighted up, at which we dried ourselves, and were furnished with a young turkey fresh killed and boiled for our supper, and a bottle of excellent shrub: this fare, which was far beyond any thing we could have hoped for, appeared so very sumptuous, that I do not remember I was

ever better satisfied. We were at a loss, indeed, for water, the springs and streams being all muddied with the continual rains : however, through the interest of a splendid shilling, we had a gallon of water fetched from a covered well, at about a mile's distance.

Mine host of the cottage, whose name was Hely, had more importance than a grandee of Spain. He told us, that there was not a better man in the counties of Corke and Kerry than himself; that he was well acquainted with the earl of Shelburn and sir John Coulthurst, to both of whom he was nearly allied; and therefore he never let either of those families pay turnpike; for he chose to keep up family-connexions.

In our way to Mill-street, next morning, we crossed several little brooks, now swelled into rapid rivers, and, in one place, not without some danger; the

bridge, which had been built over it for the use of travellers, having been broken down in the night. The road from Mill-street, to the lake of Killarney, is made through a bog, and covered with gravel: it runs in almost a strait line, and, though it shakes under you, scarcely retains the impression of the horse's hoofs. It was odd enough to see the country people riding with their faces to the horses tails; thus letting the rain pelt their backs, and the horses chuse their own way: at their first approach, there was something so strange and whimsical in the sight, one was at a loss to find out the meaning of it.

I have the honour to remain,

MY LORD, &c.

LETTER XIII.

TO ———, ESQ.

Killarney, Oct. 2, 1760.

DEAR SIR,

LET me hear from you soon : there is nothing I wish so much as your welfare. Being determined, if possible, to force you to write, I have sent you a travelling rhapsody, from the town of Killarney, in the county of Kerry, fifty miles from Corke : the natives call it only thirty-six. In length, it is about an English mile ; one main street, with houses on each side of the way, some slated, some thatched, most of them white-wash-

ed, and none higher than two stories. Mangerton, sometimes called Manger-tagh, reckoned one of the highest mountains in this kingdom, seems to nod over it. Whenever the summit of this aspiring mountain is covered with mists, you may be sure of an heavy shower, which is often attended with a deluge.

Here are a few houses, as you enter the town from Corke, forming a very short lane, with some other buildings on an elbow, leading down to a bridge thrown across the river Dena, over which you must pass, before you embark on the celebrated lake which shares with this town the honour of its name.

On the right hand, having crossed the bridge, there is a road leading up the country; particularly to an old abbey, called Aghadoe. This has been a very extensive building; but there are now no other remains of it than mouldering walls;

and, in several of the apartments, tombs, of a composition so durable, that they seem to defy the teeth of time : they actually have withstood the strongest attacks of Cromwell's soldiers, who had a high aversion to any remains of antiquity.

There is no part of this unhappy kingdom without visible marks of their violence and devastation. It is well known, that the Irish nobility and gentry made many noble stands against the arms of the Protector, and that their fidelity to the crown was inviolable. For this gallant behaviour, they were hunted like wild beasts, slaughtered without compassion, their houses burned, their lands destroyed, whole counties laid waste, and rendered melancholy scenes of barbarity and desolation. Those that escaped the swords of the republicans were outlawed, their estates confiscated, divided among

the invaders, set up to public auction, and sold for trifles.

This is a subject, which, whilst it employs my pen, affects my heart. My ancestors came into this kingdom with the Danes, and were well settled for many ages : they were among the first, who, in the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign, professed the reformed religion, which they zealously supported. They were possessed of a large tract of land, part in the Queen's county, and part in that of Carlow, where the two counties join. About three miles from the town of Carlow, there now stands an old mansion-house, which, together with the adjacent manor, still bears the name, being called Old Derrick. This whole estate, which was but a small part of our property in the kingdom, is, I am told, now worth four hundred pounds a year, and was sold by the London company (a company that had ventured to purchase from Crom-

well's foldiers) for two hundred pounds Sterling only. It formerly belonged to one Rosewell, or Roffil, with whose female heir it devolved upon a French refugee, of the name of Mark Antoine Bernardon, and is, I believe, now possessed by Mr. Fisher.

Several of my kindred were here massacred in cold blood, though as strongly attached, to the religion by law established, as to the crown. Others of them were murdered upon the sea-coasts of the county of Dublin, and in Meath, where they had large possessions. Two or three of them escaped to England. Thus was my father's family ruined. On the other hand, my mother's grand-father was one, who perhaps actually assisted in their destruction : his name was Drake ; he came out of Devonshire ; and, by some family-papers which I have by me, it appears that he acted under Cromwell as a lieutenant-

colonel, and bore the character of a very gallant officer.

The conduct of Charles the Second, on his restoration, is notorious : he confirmed the grants made to Oliver's soldiers, while his most loyal subjects were betrayed, and abandoned to misery. Among these unhappy sufferers, no man's case was more deplorable than that of lord viscount Fermoy, the head of the Roches, a numerous and loyal clan in this county, though Papists. This nobleman, refusing to compound with the usurper, abandoned a very fine estate, and, in 1652, went abroad, and entered into the Spanish service. When Charles was at Brussels, Fermoy being colonel of a regiment, assigned to the king almost all his pay, reserving a mere trifle for the maintenance of himself and his family. This generosity having ruined him, he was obliged to sell his regiment to pay

his debts; and, after the Restoration, coming to London with a wife and six children, the king, though pressed by the duke of Ormond and lord Clanric-kard, far from restoring him to his honours and estate, refused to hear of him; and, had it not been for the benevolence of these two illustrious noblemen, this unhappy lord and his family must have been starved.

Just not your trust in friends

How melancholy an object—a peer, so ancient as to have been summoned to parliament as a baron, even in the commencement of the fourteenth century, being the reign of Edward the Second, almost dying for want, under the eye of a king to whom he had given bread!

View this, among a thousand other examples of the baseness and ingratitude of the Stuarts, and imprecate the name, ye infatuated friends of that fa-

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mily, if it is possible they can have a friend remaining in these kingdoms : view it, I say, and be thankful for the exchange to the house of Hanover, whose justice, moderation and affection, ye must always honour.

I am,

DEAR SIR, &c.

LETTER XIV.

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ. OF AUTHENLECK,
NORTH-BRITAIN.

Killarney, Oct. 5, 1760.

DEAR SIR,

It is said, you have no where so extensive a view of this lake as from the heights of Aghadoe. In my opinion, there is one that excels, or at least equals it: this is a little above a sorry house, called Prospect Hall, belonging to Mr. James Supple, who, I am told, intends to build a more decent structure, upon an eminence, which stands incomparably well, close to his park: which is small, but stocked with fine deer.

We had scarcely been half an hour in Killarney, before a card was brought, directed to the two strangers who were just come in, with the compliments of lord viscount Kenmare, intreating us to dine with him. This invitation we accepted, and were received with politeness and hospitality.

In the evening, we saw here some very genteel company, among whom was the lord Baron of Brandon, and his son: he had been created a peer in August, 1758, and was formerly sir Maurice Crosbie, baronet.

This lake, with a large extent of mountain, and a great quantity of land on the opposite shore, belongs to sir Thomas Brown, lord viscount Kenmare, who holds under a grant from queen Elizabeth, being one of the English settlers, among whom she divided this wild uncultivated country.

Lord Kenmare is only a titular peer, of which, in Ireland, we have four classes; those who forfeited in the troubles of 1641; those who forfeited by Oliver's act of settlement in 1652, for their steadiness to the king, and never were restored; those who forfeited in consequence of their attachment to the last misguided Stuart who sat on the British throne; and those to whom he gave titles after his abdication, but which never were admitted. Of this last class is our honourable host, so that he derives no advantages or immunities from his title, though few people would better become a seat in the upper house: he is easy, mild, affable and polite, and received part of his education in Oxford, under the care of a very learned and worthy friend of mine, who is now a canon of Windsor. His tuition was indeed private; for, being a Roman Catholic, he could not be entered of the university. The people round him speak loudly of his goodness to the poor; and

of his hospitality to strangers, his behaviour to us was a convincing proof. He has a good taste for improvement and the polite arts, as may be seen in the disposition of his gardens and the furniture of his house; where he has the noblest chimney-piece, of Irish marble, I ever saw: part of it was carved in London by Scheemaker: the workmanship bespeaks the hand of a master. One of the rooms is hung with tapestry, made in Ireland, which would not disgrace the manufactory at the Gobelins. The fancy and disposition of the figures, the liveliness of the colouring, the management of light and shade, and the softness preserved through the whole, are admirable. To complete my description, his table was elegantly spread, his venison excellent, his wines genuine; and he gives them, to use a common expression, "like the son of an Irish king." There are many situations in the neighbourhood, far superior to that, on which this nobleman's house stands.

It was built by the late lord Kenmare, being a plain, unadorned oblong, of dark hewn stone, three stories high, with eleven front windows in each of the two upper stories. It is moated round by the Flesk, which, at the distance of near a mile, loses itself in the lake.

Upon a hill, about a mile from the house, the present noble proprietor has taken in a park of six or seven hundred acres, where there is plenty of timber, and great variety of ground, under excellent cover for the deer, which frolic round in numerous herds, particularly the red deer, for which the hills of this part of Ireland were once famous, and which are here amazingly large and fat. There are many situations in this fine park, that present the eye with the most pleasing landscapes. Before you rolls a large body of water, the extent of which outstretches sight: this, with the least wind, is

worked up into high foaming waves, which, on one hand, wash the foot of a huge chain of mountains that seem to have no boundaries: some of them are richly covered with oak, ash, elm, and other wood, hanging from such stupendous steeps as fill the mind with horror and surprise; while others exhibit only a bosom of craggy, bare, inhospitable rocks. On the other hand is seen a country, which steals imperceptibly into rising hills, covered with verdure, and beautifully contrasted to the opposite aspiring scene.

Lord Kenmare's improvements here are amazing: he raised the town from nothing, introduced the linen and woollen manufactures, fertilised bogs, and cultivated barren sands. Some time since, here were horse-races once a year; but, as they made the country people drunken and idle, his lordship suppressed

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them, making an allowance to the publicans for the loss they might thereby sustain, in an abatement of their rents.

I am,

DEAR SIR, &c.

LETTER XV.

TO THE EARL OF POMFRET.

Killarney, Oct. 5, 1760.

MY LORD,

I HAD the honour yesterday of dining with lord Kenmare : he owns the village whence I now write, and large tracks of land about this celebrated lake, of which he is also lord. You were acquainted with him at Turin : he fully answers the character you gave him for politeness and good sense : he invited us because we were strangers, and entertained us with ease and affability, that gave a double relish to the elegance of his provision. As no boats are suffered

to go upon the lake without his permission, we were obliged to ask it. He complied with great civility, ordering a small piece of cannon to accompany us, in order to shew the strength and variety of the echoes, for which this lake is so highly celebrated; and our own servant carried a French-horn.

This morning, though the sky looked lowering, and the tops of the mountains were mostly rendered invisible by the heavy mists, we ventured on our voyage in a stout six oared boat without sails. The noble proprietor had prohibited the use of sails, because they occasioned many accidents; and we were convinced of the prudence of this regulation, from the sudden squalls of wind that broke upon us where-ever there was any opening of the hills, whereby our course was often stopped, and we must have been overset in a boat with sails. Besides this, the driving mists beat so strong-

ly in our faces, that we could scarcely peep above the capes of our coats. I cannot say but that it was pleasant to see, on one hand, the showers posting round the borders of the mountains, upborn by the wings of the wind ; while, on the other, variety of beautiful rainbows danced before us, the extremities of which were within pistol-shot.

The computed length of the Lower lake is six miles, and the breadth four at the widest part. The ground on the Killarney side rises gently from the shore into small pleasant hills crowned with verdure, and stored with good herds of cattle, with here and there a cabin. On the opposite side, there rise from the edge of the water huge inaccessible mountains, which wind very intricately round to the Upper lake, at the top of which they meet with others that slope away on the contrary side ; so that the Upper lake is entirely surrounded by stupendous hills,

and there are but few places whereat you can with any safety put ashore. The torrents that pour down on every hand with amazing impetuosity, contribute much to the magnificence of the landscape. After great rains, you see them in the highest perfection. One of these, called the river Lane, gives the name of Lough-lane to this extensive lake. Another very remarkable water-fall is the superflux of a collection of water on the top of the high mountain of Mangertogh, called the Devil's Punch-bowl.

In passing from the Lower to the Upper lake, you go for some distance through a gut, which forms the communication between both lakes. Two mountains, called Glena and Turk, seem here almost to join ; and at this place is a bridge, over which we passed, quitting our boat, as the violence of the current was greater than we could venture to stem. After climbing over many rocks and dan-

gerous declivities, and forcing our way through briars and brambles, we found another boat ready to carry us forward to the Upper lake.

On this bridge we were presented with ~~flowers~~ by two very lovely little girls, neatly clothed, who could not speak English: they are the children of a peasant who lives in this sequestered spot, and has the care of the lands and fishery: he was very civil, and, for a small present, guided us in the best manner possible.

Not far from hence is the Eagle's Nest, a most stupendous rock, covered in many places with trees and shrubs, in several cavities of which the land-eagle, and the osprey or water-eagle, build their nests; and we saw them, in our voyage, often on the wing in pursuit of their prey. Under this immense rock we rested for some time, in order to try the echo, which has here a most astonishing effect: our sin-

gle French-horn had the harmony of a full concert, and one discharge of our little piece of cannon was multiplied into a thousand reports, with this addition, that when the sounds seemed faint, and almost expiring, they revived again, and then gradually subsided: it equals the most tremendous thunder.

There are several islands, as well on the Upper as Lower lake; on which are many decayed hermitages and ruined buildings, formerly sacred to solitude, sanctity and religion. The Upper lake is much more contracted in breadth than the Lower; yet it is said to cover a thousand acres of land: double that number forms the bed of the latter. The islands also on this are more numerous, and in them Nature exhibits a different aspect: some, for example, are crowned with trees, shrubs, and the most beautiful ever-greens; others are covered with heath only, as the Rabbet island: Do-

noghoe's Prison is only a bare, barren rock ; while Nature seems lavish of her gifts to Inisfallen, the largest island upon any of these lakes, being above two miles in circumference, and about a mile across. The pasture of this island is so rich, that it fattens cattle sooner than any known part of the world ; and that, all the year round, without the necessity of any kind of dry fodder. All sorts of corn thrive amazingly, and fruits and garden-stuff arrive very early at maturity. Here are the ruins of an ancient monastery, which occupied a large extent of ground, most delightfully situated.

The son of that O'Donoghoe, who gave name to the rock just mentioned, and lived, I think, in the seventh century, having, on a quarrel with his father, ravaged the neighbouring country, the natives fled to Inisfallen for safety, with whatever substance they could save, and lodged it in the sacred asylum. He pur-

fued them with his followers, and, paying no regard to the sanctuary, made a great slaughter even in the body of the church, afterwards carrying away whatever plunder he could lay his hands on. The natives imagine, that at this time there are vast riches lying buried in the island, and thrown into the lake. This O'Donoghoe was one of the princes of the country, and is famous in the old Irish legends.

MY LORD,

I have the honour to be, &c.

L E T T E R XVI.

TO LORD SOUTHWELL.

Killarney, Oct. 6, 1760.

MY LORD,

I HAVE long held a lease of your regard : permit me to entreat the renewal of it ; and accept, by way of fine, this trifling attestation of my gratitude. Since I have been in this kingdom, I have found the people every where impressed with a strong remembrance of the taste and benevolence of lord Southwell : his health has been too often toasted to do my constitution service ; and I believe, if the claret of Ireland was equal to your white Burgundy, or lady Southwell's British

champagne, I should have died a martyr to my affection for your lordship.

Killarney, my lord, is very justly reckoned one of the most beautiful and romantic spots in this kingdom : your lordship is better acquainted with it than you can possibly be from any description of mine ; yet such is the itch contracted by people, who, like myself, are accustomed to write upon every thing, that I cannot avoid giving you a general notion of the impression this place made upon me. I know your lordship's kindness will impute it to my respect, and pardon my errors.

Nothing can be more delighting than the sublime objects that strike the eye from every part of the lake of Killarney, often called Lough-lane. On one hand, Mangertogh, and other mountains, that lift their tops to the skies, and, giant-like,

seem to threaten the scaling of heaven, rise awful from the verge of the lake; in some places bald, white and naked, as if old age had stripped them of their ornaments; in others, crowned with flourishing trees and enlivening verdure, representing Nature in a youthful and invigorated state: from their sides rush foaming cascades, that delight the contemplative ear, while they amuse the enraptured eye. On the other hand, a fine, improved, civilised country, ornamented with a handsome town, and many gentlemens seats; islands, differing no less in their produce than their situation, beautifully interspersed; rivers pouring from many quarters into this capacious lake; these, and innumerable other beauties of Nature, raise our attention, and command our admiration. The sides of the mountains, and many of the islands, are clothed not only with oak, ash, yew and holly, but with the most delightful odoriferous shrubs, as myrtles,

beyond any thing produced in England ; together with the arbutus, and forbus or service-tree.

The arbutus flourishes all the year, bearing, at one and the same time, leaves, blossoms, berries, and fruit in different stages of maturity. The leaves are of a very beautiful green, with a red stalk ; the blossom resembles the lily of the valley ; the berries are first green, then yellow, acquiring at length a colour like the finest scarlet strawberry : it is called by gardeners the Strawberry-tree. The fruit, when ripe, has a pleasant taste, but is said sometimes to give the belly-ach *.

The inhabitants told me, that this tree grows sometimes to the height of twenty

* “ It is of an austere sour taste ; though
“ I have been informed, that in Ireland,
“ where this tree abounds, the fruit is
“ sold, and eaten.” Miller’s Dict.

feet, and that its highest beauty is in winter. It is a native both of Greece and Italy, and was probably brought hither by the clergy : at present it is only found upon and about the lake, though it was formerly seen in great plenty in other parts of the county ; but it was partly cut down to supply the iron works, then carrying on, with fuel ; and partly consumed by an accidental fire, which destroyed many acres of well-wooded land.

These mountains formerly abounded with the large red stag, which is esteemed the choicest kind of venison ; but they are now rarely to be found, except in parks, the breed being hunted down. When one of these deer is tracked to his covert, the peasants are ranged in different parts of the mountains to keep him, with their staves and shouts, from avoiding the course through which it is intended to hunt him. When he finds he cannot escape, he precipitates himself down some

declivity, and takes the water, where the chace is continued by boats; and the opposite shore being lined with the country people, he cannot get off, unless permitted. The sound of the horns, the music of the hounds, and the shouts of the people, form a concert chearful and animating, to a degree not to be conceived but by those who have heard it.

The politeness and hospitality of lord Kenmare introduced me to his acquaintance here. Your lordship knows him well, and his excellent qualifications. The county of Kerry is greatly indebted to his patriotic spirit of improvement, for which he is the more to be valued, as the laws subject him, on account of his religion, to many difficulties; yet has he, for these fourteen years, bestowed incessant pains on the cultivation of this spot. Ireland would be a flourishing kingdom, did but one third of her nobility copy

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his example. Your lordship is not in the number of those who have neglected her; she owes to your patriotic attention a thousand obligations: it is her pride to acknowledge it.

I have the honour to be,

MY LORD, &c.

LETTER XVII.

TO THE REV. MR. ENOCH MARKHAM.

Lake of Killarney, Oct. 7, 1760.

DEAR MARKHAM,

IN my excursions, I often think of my friends the companions of my younger years : among them you are frequently in my thoughts ; there is, indeed, none whom I more faithfully esteem. I have many times wished you possessed of some one of the very beneficial livings through which I passed ; for, however England may, in other respects, triumph over Ireland, she must yield in point of provision for her clergy. How would the lovely landscapes, that abound in the place

whence I write, smile under the effusions of your descriptive genius ! Whether you were to draw them with the pencil or the pen, they would equally fill with pleasure and amazement. From the prospects and adventures of this day, your Muse would have caught inspiration, that would alone suffice to crown with immortality.

We rode this morning to Mucrufs, a seat belonging to counsellor Edward Herbert, who resides in England, where he represents in parliament the borough of Ludlow in Shropshire. Mucrufs gives name to a small peninsula, about five miles from the town of Killarney, where formerly there were copper and iron works, but which have been discontinued for want of wood. Mr. Herbert, apprised of the profits that must accrue from the removal of this defect, has made, at a convenient distance, a large plantation of ash, which thrives apace. This peninsula partly encloses a small, but most de-

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lightful basin, which is called Mucrus lake, and communicates, through small channels, with the rest of the water. This place is rural and pleasant, even to its utmost extremity, and greatly favours a disposition for retirement. The ground is a wild barren heath, with heaps of the pyrites scattered around ; and the borders are washed by a clear stream, the noise whereof induces a soothing melancholy. Nothing can more contribute to the indulgence of contemplation.

Before you, is a large body of water in perpetual agitation, and delightfully interspersed with islands, different both in nature and form, which give an elegant variety to the prospect. On the left you are covered by an amphitheatre of stupendous hills, some of which are wooded down to the edge of the water. And here a number of fine ever-greens and fragrant shrubs perfume the air with the most delicious scents ; while their richness of colour

charms the wandering eye. How, in this view, is the philosophic mind disposed to admire Nature, in pursuing her through the different flights in which she may be traced; and to adore that Omnipotent Being, who forms the seed, scatters it over the land, and defends it through every stage till arrived at maturity! for, in this part of the scene, Art has never interposed her improving hand,

From the bottom of a rock, (that seems, and has perhaps for ages seemed, ready to tumble into the subjacent stream—so slender is its hold of the mountain) you may observe large flourishing trees, with their branches projecting downward, and their roots spreading towards the sky; while in other spots, where human foot has never trod, nor hand of man ingrafted, you shall see two or three species of wood growing out of one and the same trunk, each in a very flourishing state. These mountains, in other places rugged and bare, exhibit

the most chilling prospects of wildness not to be tamed, and gloominess of vast extent. The whole of this sublime scene is finely enlivened with waterfalls, which have formed for themselves channels through the hills, and, after rain, come thundering down with amazing impetuosity.

Your view on the other side is much more civilised ; the land bearing all possible marks of cultivation, and stealing into gentle ascents. Ross castle, (where there is always a garrison) and the town of Killarney, give you some idea of society.

While I gazed with admiration on these delicious landscapes, which reminded me of the fairy visions of ancient times, the consecrated groves of antiquity, the retreat of the Sybils, and the sacred recesses of supernatural powers, I was roused from my meditation, by the noise made by a young girl behind me, who was forcing

her way through a copse. Eve, in the state of innocence, could not have appeared more beautiful: her figure was tall and elegant; her proportion, exact and delicate; her countenance, collected and commanding; and her age, about fourteen. Her dress was light-blue sattin, intermixed with muslin; and a stream of silk played behind her in the wind, and gave her the elegant appearance of one of those Hours, which, in Guido's celebrated picture of the rising of the morning, lead up the chariot of Aurora. In her hand she led a young fawn, and was followed by a couple of hounds. I almost took her for the guardian goddess of the neighbouring hills, or at least a water-nymph presiding over the adjacent stream. She made a full stop when she perceived me, and surveyed me with an eye of caution and curiosity: but, the moment I advanced, she retreated with incredible swiftness, and was soon lost in the la-

byrinth from which she had fallied out. I would, indeed, have followed her, but a very deep ditch prevented me ; and I was obliged to return without a possibility of satisfying myself whether this was a real or fancied being : be that as it may, I hope you have no doubt, that I am, in reality,

DEAR SIR,

Your's most sincerely.

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE REV. MR. ENOCH MARKHAM.

Killarney, Oct. 9, 1760.

DEAR SIR,

THE day on which we skirted the lake, the water was as high as ever it had been known; nor was this to be wondered at, considering the vast quantities of rain which had lately fallen, and which gave us an opportunity of viewing it in all its grandeur.

The country fellows who rowed, entertained us with various stories of their

ancient heroes and enchantments, and of the discontented ghosts that are to be met with about the lake, many of which they themselves had seen and conversed with. One of these peasants assured us, he was lineally descended from O'Donoghoe, of Ross, who was formerly a great lord in this country, and who now constantly revisits his friends : that he is seen particularly every May morning just before sun-rise, attended by an incredible number of followers, wrestling, hurling, and playing football upon the surface of the lake, which affords them as sure footing as the solid earth. We had like to have smarted very severely for ridiculing the man's credulity, and treating his story with disrespect; for having, in revenge, laid down his oar, he could not, for a long time, be persuaded to take it in hand again, until we were driven upon a shal-

low, where we were really in great danger, as the current was strong against us, and, had we been over-set, we must inevitably have been drowned. At length, however, we prevailed with him to lend his hand, and got once again under way; but before he would work, we were obliged to acknowledge the truth of the assertion, and to admit that our danger was owing to the power of this great man, who perhaps attended us invisibly.

We had been this day invited to dine at Mucrus's house, with a Scotch lieutenant-colonel, who was commander in chief of the soldiers quartered in Ross castle, Mill-street barracks, and other neighbouring places. He had pitched a tent for us, on the banks of the lake, where we found good refreshment on our landing; and here it was intended we should

have dined ; but, as the wind was high and cold, and the thick mizling rain made it damp and uncomfortable, we chose to decline it, giving the preference to Mucrus's house, which was at about half a mile's distance. Here we were hospitably entertained, particularly with some of the wild red deer, which was finely flavoured, but wanted fat. We dined twice with this honest friendly officer, during our stay in that part of the country ; and he made us very happy. His family consisted of a wife, sister, an officer related to him by marriage, and—a daughter, in whom I was not a little surprised to find my fair incognita, in a blue sattin straight-bodied coat, hanging-sleeves, and a muslin bib and apron. She led a fat fawn, bound to her by a blue ribbon, of which she was very fond. Seeing her now stripped of the fairy garb, in which my imagination had lately clothed her, I was convinced she

was mortal, and found her very agreeable.

The rooms of Mucrus's house are but indifferent: it is, however, well covered by a mountain, under which it stands upon a dry rock. There is a magnificent waterfall at some little distance, and several delightful views from the windows. The gardens are at present neglected, and quite out of repair; which is much to be regretted, as they are finely situated for ripening the most delicious fruits, and raising the choicest garden-stuff. They are cut out of a rock that borders close upon the lake; so that with the natural warmth of the sun, and the double reflexion of heat from the stone, and the surface of the water, every thing would thrive amazingly. I cannot help thinking, that grapes produced here would make excellent

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wine. It would be doing this charming spot injustice, did I not pronounce it as capable as any place I ever saw of being made both useful and delightful.

I am,

DEAR SIR,

Most sincerely your's, &c.

LETTER XIX.

TO MR. GEORGE FAULKNER, AT LONDON.

Dublin, Oct. 28, 1760.

DEAR SIR,

I SHOULD not thus long have deferred doing myself the pleasure of addressing you an epistle of thanks for your last kind favour, forwarded to me at Kilkenny the night before you left Dublin, had my health permitted it. Two days after I arrived here, I found myself so very ill, that I was obliged to keep my room; where I was visited by an intermitting fever, which has confined me ever since: at present I am so weak, that it is with

some difficulty I sit down to write. My disorder I attribute to bad beds, and bad weather, perhaps assisted by a weak constitution, and a handsome ducking in the lake of Killarney, into which a stumbling horse threw me up to the neck. I am now on the mending hand, but have not the least appetite, nor any hope of being able to go abroad for a fortnight hence.

I am come to this city at a wrong time for my purpose, which was to enlarge the circle of my acquaintance, and spend a few pleasant hours with some of my old friends : but since my illness, having issued a writ of inquiry by Mr. —, he returns, at least, one half of the people to whom I have letters, Non Inventi. Bath, and the vacation of parliament, have, in great measure, robbed me of my purposed pleasure. The honourable Mr. justice Marshall, who I understand is now in the privy council, is about to visit that

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city. When I spent a day with him in town, I delivered him lord Southwell's letter, and he received it with affection; for which, and his lordship's other favours conferred on me, I shall beg you to return my thanks.

In my late tour I saw no improvements, in art or science, that gave me near so much pleasure as the mills of Mr. William Collis, at Killkenny, for working marble, flax, and oatmeal. The gallery in the duke of Ormond's castle, at that place, is a noble room; and here are still some remnants of tapestry, that are well preserved,

The canals, which they are cutting thro' this part of the kingdom, are vast in design, and admirably calculated to promote the inland trade: but, to give you my opinion of the matter freely, I must observe, that they are much too narrow every where, and that there does not seem to me

sufficient security for the banks ; so that the annual sums requisite to keep them in repair, will outweigh any advantages that may be reaped from supporting them ; in consequence of which they will soon fall to decay. That which seems to bid fairest for duration, runs, or is to run, from Kill-kenny to Waterford. I viewed a good part of it with attention : such of the locks as are finished, are very strong, and very ingenious : should it at any time fail, it will at no rate be owing to the superintendant. Mr. Ockenden is a man of great genius, and, I am told by all who know him, of infinite honour. Whatever defects may be found hereafter in his department will appear, I am afraid, to be connected with the original plan, and not to be charged to his account. There are some letters of his, in manuscript, in the hands of lord Kenmare, which describe the lake of Killarney very entertainingly. But why should I amuse you, who take the most patriot pains in the service of

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your country, with observations, which, if justly founded, cannot have escaped your penetration ; if not, can only lessen my judgment in your esteem ?

To convince you of the regard I have for your advice, it remains for me to tell you, that, agreeably to your directions, we visited lord Powerscourt's. As my fellow-traveller and I came near the three-mile stone, leading to Killmainham, we struck off to the right, over the commons of Crumlin, through Temple-Oge, to Rathfarnham, where we dined ; then drove forward to the town of Bray, and rested there that night. The next day we visited the Dargal, a spot, which, as it now stands, deserves perhaps more than can be said of it ; nay, I think, it fully answers your description : and the waterfall, which appeared that day in its utmost perfection, is a most magnificent object of natural curiosity.

As to my lord's house, I must say, that when I compare its situation with many others, within a mile or two, equally commodious, and infinitely more delightful, I am sorry for the late lord's choice, and am apt to believe the present noble proprietor sympathises in my feeling. The hall is, besides, a great deal too low, considering its breadth, and overloaded with stucco and carving. The Egyptian hall is a noble room; but the walls are out of repair, and the floor so slippery as to render it useless.

I am,

DEAR SIR,

Your's faithfully, &c.

END OF VOL. I.